

# For New Year's Presents Consult Post-Dispatch Advertisements Daily.

## WILD PANIC IN A COURT ROOM.

JACOB FISCHEL SHOTS HIS WIFE  
AND HER UNCLE  
DURING A DIVORCE CASE.

Fired Three Times and One Bullet Was  
Intended for Attorney Walter  
F. McEntire.

Insane with rage, Jacob Fischel tried to murder his wife, Teresa, her uncle, Julius Schreiber, and her attorney, Walter F. McEntire, in Judge Wood's court room at 11:30 o'clock Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Fischel has a bullet in her left shoulder.

Schreiber was struck right over the heart, but a rib stopped the ball and saved his life.

McEntire has the track of a bullet along the left shoulder of his overcoat.

Fischel's frenzied deed was the outcome of a bitterly contested divorce suit between him and his young wife. A week ago Judge Wood ordered him to pay his wife \$50 alimony and attorney's fees by Jan. 1, 1897.

After an unsuccessful attempt to raise the money he filed a motion Tuesday

shrieking up the court room and threw her self at Judge Wood's feet.

"Save me! Save me!" she shrieked. "I am shot. That man will kill me!"

Judge Wood assisted her to her feet, placed her in one of the juror's chairs and dispatched a lawyer for a physician.

Old man Schreiber followed almost on her heels.

"I'm shot," he cried, tearing at his clothes, as he ran up the room.

He dragged off his collar and cravat, tore open the bosom of his shirt and revealed a wound right over the heart.



MRS. FISCHEL.

The old man jabbered hysterically in German and English until Dr. William F. Kier and Louis Behrens came. Inside of a minute they laid the ball in his hand.

Lawyer McEntire asked him for it to keep as a souvenir. He wanted it to match the hole it had made in passing through his overcoat.

The old man would not give it up.

"I'll keep it as long as I live," he said.

He was taken to Dr. Behrens' office, where his wound was properly dressed.

Mrs. Fischel was taken in charge by Mrs. Chrenka, who lives with her at 587 Manchester avenue, and accompanied her to court.

Before the doctors arrived Mrs. Fischel fainted from excitement. When she revived she was taken to the City Dispensary in an ambulance, where the bullet was extracted from her shoulder. It made only a slight flesh wound. She was sent home in a carriage provided by her attorneys.

Fischel's tragic act adjourned the court without legal formality, as all the employees of the building rushed to the scene on hearing the shot.

The would-be murderer was kept in the Sheriff's office until the patrol wagon arrived and took him to the Four Courts.

When Fischel was led into the Central Police Station, Chief of Police Harrigan, Capt. O'Malley and Sergt. McFarland were there to receive him. "My God, men, I'm happy. I only hope I have killed both of them." That was the first thing Fischel said. He was excited and asked for a drink of whiskey. Chief Harrigan gave a postman to carry and in a few minutes Fischel gulped down a load of Charley Lauer's nitro-glycerine whiskey.

The Post-Dispatch reporter recognized Fischel as the man who had attempted to kill a man on Franklin avenue some time ago and asked him about it. That brought out Fischel's story. Chief Harrigan began asking questions and Fischel told him very short by asking him if he was a reporter.

The Major was positively identified as the Chief of Police and the prisoner continued.

"In 1894 I came to St. Louis from Southwest Missouri with a bankrupt stock of dry goods and furnishings. I became acquainted with Emanuel Lebricht, a fellow lodge member who introduced me to Julius Schreiber, uncle to the woman whom I a few weeks later married.

"I since learned that it was a put-up job to get me to marry the woman and that Lebricht, who keeps a store at 810 Franklin avenue, Julius Schreiber and the woman were all parties to it.

"I rented a store room at 587 Cheltenham and put my stock of goods in it and my new wife in charge of it.

"I went out on the road and for eleven months sent money to my wife, often as much as \$5 a week.

"When I came home last spring my wife confessed to me that she had had a child fifteen years ago by her uncle, Schreiber, and I left her.

"I tried to get my store back and she cursed me and threw me out of the house. Fischel is 44 years old and tried to shoot him, but after I had shot twice at him I got away without being arrested.

"That was the occurrence by which the Post-Dispatch reporter remembered him. Fischel is 44 years old, rather short and heavy, has a heavy gray mustache and a thick, is of decided Jewish cast.

"At 1 p. m. he was locked up at the Central Police Station and there received his attorney, Col. John L. Marlin.

Fischel's last words to the reporter were that he would be happy when he heard that he had killed both his wife and her uncle.

"Last summer, when I met Lebricht on the street in front of his store, I accused him of his dirty work and tried to shoot him, but after I had shot twice at him I got away without being arrested.

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when he recalled events I did remember him. I gave him assistance, and also when he came back to the city.

"When he married Miss Tobias I let them have goods from my store to set up in business out at Cheltenham. For awhile they got along all right.

"One day Fischel came to my store and told me to go out and take the goods. His wife was untrue to him, he said, and he would not live with her.

"I went out and she told me how her husband had treated her. He beat her frequently, she said, and had taken all her money and the goods.

"Afterwards he tried to blackmail me. He said I was intimate with his wife. There was no truth in his charge and I told him to do anything he wanted to. He let the matter drop.

"Fischel has one wife in San Francisco, and it is said he has another in New York, and also one in Portland, Ore. He deserted them all.

"He told Harry Wise, a cigar man at 818 Franklin avenue, that he had killed a man once in Texas.

"After I had been beaten by him I found that he had beaten others. He was a spectacle peddler and he beat everybody he could."

When told of Fischel's threat Lebricht laughed.

"I saw him in front of my store this morning. If he wanted to shoot me he missed a good opportunity."

A Post-Dispatch reporter accompanied Schreiber to Dr. Behrens' office, Broadway and Market street, where the wounded man talked freely of the occurrence.

Mr. Schreiber is a retired merchant, 60 years old, and lives at 719 Hickory street. The old gentleman was in a highly nervous condition and trembled as though with palsy, but his mind was perfectly clear.

"I did not think of Fischel resorting to violence," he said. The first thing I knew about it was when I saw him draw his revolver, point it at me and fire. Mr. McEntire was standing between us and the bullet clipped the shoulder of his overcoat. He certainly meant to kill both his wife and me, and would have done so had not bystanders prevented.

"He had no reason for wishing to kill me. We had never had any trouble before. I had only assisted my niece in her suit for a divorce and Fischel and I had never had any cross words."

"Fischel came to St. Louis a little more than two years ago. He was a peddler, who had traveled all over the country. I did not know anything about him at that time."

"My wife, Teresa, who was about 23 years old, kept a small notion store at 587 Cheltenham avenue. Fischel became acquainted with her and made love to her. She married him almost two years ago. She had saved quite a sum of money, which Fischel took from her and spent."

"Then my niece learned that Fischel had a wife and two children living in San Francisco. She came to me and asked my advice and assistance. I advised her to



JULIUS SCHREIBER.

bring a suit for divorce and assisted her in the conduct of the case.

"Last February she filed her suit, and since that time he has not lived with my daughter."

"Last Sunday, while the suit was yet pending in the courts, he went to my niece's home and broke into the house. He broke up a lot of furniture and would have whipped Teresa if she had not run out and gone to the house of some neighbors."

"Fischel's other wife and their two children now live in San Francisco. Her father formerly lived in St. Louis, but now lives in Denver, Colo. She has an uncle, Louis Kober, who lives in this city now. He is a forerunner in the R. Rice cigar factory."

"Mrs. Behrens and Kier dressed Schreiber's wound, after which he was sent to his home in a carriage."

The bullet struck the fourth rib cartilage, close to the sternum, just over the heart. The bullet penetrated scarcely a quarter of an inch. It struck the bone and bounded out and was found in the wounded man's clothing. The shock from the bullet produced a severe concussion, but the surgeons say the wound is not at all dangerous. He will be all right as soon as he recovers from the nervousness produced by the shock.

The troubles of the Fischels became public when Mrs. Fischel filed for divorce Feb. 8, 1894. In her petition she alleged that she and Jacob were married Jan. 27, 1894, and lived together until Dec. 25, 1895. She says he was cruel. She alleges that on March 1, 1895, while they were walking on Hickory street, near Eleventh, he shoved her into the gutter and beat her with a stick. In February, 1896, he eloped her and on Dec. 23, 1895, he hit her with a child's wagon at their store, 587 Cheltenham avenue, and badly bruised her.

Fischel filed a cross-bill and made a series of grave charges against his wife. He alleges that he demeaned himself as a faithful husband, but that she called him names and abused him with vile and obscene language. He alleges that she admitted that several years before she had strayed under a promise of marriage. Fischel says he forgave her on her promise to be true to him. He alleges that on Dec. 25, 1895, the day on which he left her, she told him she had a secret to confess. The alleged secret was that subsequent to her illicit relations with one Herman, she had intercourse with her uncle, Julius Schreiber.



TRAGIC SCENE IN JUDGE WOOD'S COURT.  
Jacob Fischel shoots his wife and her uncle and barely misses Lawyer McEntire during a divorce hearing.

## A YOUNG CLERK TURNS FOOTPAD.

ALBERT WAYNEY HOLDS UP  
KATE KENNETH.

WAS CAUGHT BY CITIZENS.  
Says He Lost His Furniture and Was  
Driven by Despair to At-  
tempt the Crime.

Albert Wayne, a young married man employed at the Quick Meal Stove Company, Tenth street and Chouteau avenue, held up Miss Kate Kenneth of 1704 South Twelfth street, shortly before noon at St. Anne avenue and Carroll street.

He secured \$5.06 at the point of his revolver and fled. He was pursued by citizens and caught after trying to kill them with his revolver.

The unique feature of the robbery is that Wayne has a position and was only recently married. He says he committed the robbery because a time payment house had taken his furniture from him.

Miss Kenneth left her home to come down town. She carried her purse in her hand.

When she reached the corner of St. Anne avenue and Carroll street, she noticed a nice-looking young man coming toward her. She paid no more attention to him than she would to any nice-looking young man, but proceeded calmly on her way.

When he came abreast of her the man snatched a revolver from his pocket and leveled it at her.

"Give me that purse," he cried.

The girl was so startled that she could not move.

The man grabbed it out of her hand and started to run south.

He had gone but a few feet when Miss Kenneth recovered herself. She screamed for help and started after the thief.

John A. Besdek, a newspaper carrier, and Gus Vancoll heard her cries and saw the fleeing man.

They started after him and quickly passed the girl.

The robber saw them coming. They were gaining on him and kept yelling to him to stop. He kept steadily on, however, and Besdek, fearful that he might escape, drew a revolver and sent a bullet after him.

That the highwayman was desperate was shown in his next move. As the bullet from the carrier's gun whistled passed him, he turned and fired a shot at his pursuers.

But they kept right on. The robber quit running then and fired twice more. Both shots went wild, and by this time the citizens were upon him.

Throwing down his gun, the desperate man started in to fight them with his fists.

but the struggle lasted but a moment. A hundred other men had followed in the chase and they piled on top of him in a mass like a foot ball scrimmage.

By the time they were disentangled Officer Lawton appeared and took possession of the thief, who gave his name as Albert Wayne. He lives at 1035 South Eleventh street. He is only 21 years old.

In explanation of his crime he said that he had bought a lot of furniture on his marriage, but that being unable to keep up the payments it had been taken from him. This made him desperate and he determined to steal enough to refurnish his house.

Miss Kenneth recovered her \$5.06, but lost her purse, as Wayne threw it away.

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## MRS. CAIRNS TO GET A DIVORCE.

DOESN'T WANT HER HUSBAND TO  
GET HER ESTATE.

HE IS GREATLY SURPRISED.

Hasn't Deserted Her, but Objects to  
Living in a Seminary for  
Young Ladies.

Papers in a divorce suit to be filed by Mrs. Anna Sneed Cairns of Forest Park University are being prepared by Lee & McKelhan.

It is understood that the only ground that will be alleged for divorce will be desertion.

Probably no woman in St. Louis is more widely known than Mrs. Cairns. For over twenty years she has been at the head of the educational institution now known as Forest Park University. Until about seven years ago her fashionable school for girls was at "Arkwood, where she and John G. Cairns, her husband, who is a prominent architect, made their residence.

When Mrs. Cairns determined to move into the city, her husband prepared the plans for the handsome building on Clayton road, opposite Forest Park, occupied by Mrs. Cairns' University, and it was built at considerable expense.

For the last five years Mr. and Mrs. Cairns have not lived together. The reason is not known even to their most intimate friends, but to Mrs. Cairns, a woman of deep and intense emotions, the separation has always been a source of keen sorrow.

Several times she has endeavored to persuade Mr. Cairns to let the past be forgotten, but to no avail. He continues to occupy his apartments at the Hotel Rialto, while Mrs. Cairns makes her home at the university.

The last Legislature passed a law which provides that at the death of a wife the husband shall take half her property, whatever the provisions of her will and regardless of whether she couple had separated or not.

Mrs. Cairns keeps abreast of the times. She has proved this during her prominent identification with the W. C. T. U. in St. Louis and the St. Louis Equal Suffrage Club, as well as other movements inspired by women. She was familiar with the provisions of the new law probably before many of the St. Louis lawyers had heard of its adoption.

To her the new law presented an embarrassing dilemma. While she did not suspect Mr. Cairns of designs upon her property, which is extensive, she felt that the provisions of the law imperiled the interests of her relatives, whom she wished to protect against any contingency.

To those who know Mrs. Cairns well there are few who do not know her at least slightly and by reputation—her first determination will not seem surprising. She would have the law amended. By her energy and tenacity of purpose she did much to secure the extension of the Lindell Railway and Clayton avenue so that she and her pupils could derive the benefit, and she felt no hesitancy about making an appeal to the Legislature. The General Assembly should so change the law that the cases of desertion the husband should lose his share in the deceased wife's estate.

The difficulties of such an undertaking were realized by Mrs. Cairns, but she at no time thought of the possibility of failure. Subsequent consideration, however, convinced her she had not selected the wisest course.

Even with the law amended, the burden of proving that Mrs. Cairns had been deserted by her husband would be upon the heirs under her proposed will, and that would have to establish the fact in order to successfully resist any claim Mr. Cairns might make under the new law.

This, perhaps, would be difficult for them to prove. So Mrs. Cairns determined that, in spite of the pain and unpleasantness attending such a proceeding, that it was her duty to institute suit for divorce in order to thoroughly protect her relatives.

She consulted Maj. Bradley D. Lee, of Lee & McKelhan, whose client she is, and a bill for divorce will be filed soon.

John G. Cairns, the prospective defendant in the proposed proceedings, was greatly surprised when a Post-Dispatch reporter informed him of Mrs. Cairns' purpose.

He at first refused to believe it and even after being convinced that the suit was in preparation insisted that there was no separation, no quarrel and no desertion.

"I certainly have no designs upon Mrs. Cairns' property," said Mr. Cairns. "About fifteen years ago I gave her a bill of sale for a piece of property. They are usually too engrossed in their work."

"And there has been no separation. I live down town because Mrs. Cairns makes her home at the University. As the case about eighty-five young lady pupils there it would be embarrassing for me, as the only man in the house, among so many females."

"We have had no quarrel and I can hardly believe that the suit is to be instituted."

Mr. Cairns is a fine-looking, attractive man of rather more than middle age. His dark, full beard is slightly grizzled.

## FINED FOR SPITTING.

Johnson Knight Refused to Obey Street  
Car Rules.

Johnson Knight, a negro, was fined \$5 by Judge Stevenson Wednesday morning for spitting tobacco on the floor and rear of a City Line trolley car.

Conductor Mountain asked him to stop, but he refused. Patrolman Dwyer was on the car and arrested the negro at North and Benton streets.



JACOB FISCHEL.

through Attorney Frank Ottoly to have the motion set aside. He claims that his wife now owns the store which was once his, while he has been reduced to penury through her and is compelled to peddle spectacles for a living.

His motion was on hearing Wednesday morning. The proceedings were adverse to Fischel.

Lawyers within the bar noticed the old man's rage. He trembled, shook his head and muttered imprecations on the Judge and his wife's attorneys, Alderson and McEntire.

When the case had been submitted he hurriedly left the court room.

Walter McEntire suspected trouble and preceded Mrs. Fischel and her uncle out of the court room.

Fischel stood without the door. He had the look of a madman.

McEntire waited to protect his client, Julius Schreiber, her uncle, a gray-headed man, was the first to pass through the swinging doors of the courtroom.

Fischel, with a lightning movement, whipped out a revolver and raised the raised his hand, but Fischel fired and the bullet passed through the attorney's overcoat and struck Schreiber full in the left breast.

McEntire jumped back. Schreiber staggered against the court-room doors and threw them open.

It was Fischel's opportunity, for his wife was standing within.

He fired at her and the ball struck her in the shoulder.

He fired a third shot at McEntire. The ball grazed the attorney's left shoulder. He realized that it was life or death with him and he dealt the would-be murderer a stinging blow on the head.

Fischel reeled across the corridor. His revolver dropped to the flagging.

Deputy Sheriff Becker, who had rushed out of the courtroom, grabbed him and hustled him off to the Sheriff's office.

"I hope I killed them both. I wanted to make a good job of it," he shouted as he was led away.

Meanwhile there was a scene of wild confusion in the court room. An unusually large crowd of prominent attorneys were present.

At the first shot every one sprang to their feet. When the doors swung open and the flash of the two following shots lit up the gloomy room, there was a panic, in which all dignity was thrown to the winds.

Judge Henry S. Priest, John Lee and George Lockwood, three of the most distinguished members of the bar, threw themselves flat on the floor to escape the flying bullets.

John Boogher, who is moving about on crutches, hobbled behind the Sheriff's platform. Clerk Rodgers dropped behind his desk.

George Tausig, with a quick accession of Scotch shrewdness, jumped on the table, preferring to catch a bullet in his legs rather than a more vital part.

The spectators in the seats rolled on the floor, men and women together, the latter adding to the confusion by their piercing screams.

Judge Wood was the only one who maintained his composure and dignity. When the first shot rang out he seemed to know intuitively what had happened. He called out: "Mr. Sheriff, arrest that man."

The tone was such that Deputy Becker sprang from his seat and ran down the aisle along the gun range until he captured the shooter.

The fusillade lasted but a few seconds; it seemed an hour to the frightened people in the court room.

There it was over. Mrs. Fischel ran





























**SEE OUR  
GREAT LINE  
—OF—  
Men's Fine  
OVERCOATS**  
SELLING FOR  
**\$15.00**  
OTHERS UP TO \$40.00  
All New! All New!  
**Tamblyn - Powers.**



**WE  
ARE IN IT!**

In What? Why, in the Business Center of St. Louis—within a stone's throw of all the greatest retail stores, yet on a street where rents are not so high as to put us in the class with the many merchants who are working for landlords.

While En Route from Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney's to Barr's, or from Jaccard's to Jaccard's, or from Barr's to Nugent's, it's easy to stop at 512 Locust—a most convenient location, especially for mothers who buy for boys.

**Mothers Already Know That Ours Is the Only Store in This City That Sells Exclusively Fine Apparel for Boys . . .**

The Boy of three years fitted in his first Suit from our stock will be ours to fit for many years. We have all the newest and best styles for little fellows, and make a specialty of Boys' Furnishings. Our Boys' and Children's Clothing are the same make that have made the reputation of New York's greatest "Lilliputian Bazaar."

# TAMBLYN-POWERS



**CLOTHING COMPANY,  
512 Locust St.**  
"Small and sure profits often repeated are the foundation of modern wealth."  
Our business will be built on this basis.

**YOU'LL see all the  
Newest Styles in  
Boys' Apparel**  
in our magnificent  
stock. Other clothing  
houses in the city may  
have more goods—  
"old goods"—but  
when it comes to style  
and elegance in Boys'  
Clothing THEY'RE NOT  
IN IT WITH US.  
**Tamblyn-Powers.**



## FED HIS CHILD ON BAD WHISKY.

**GIGARMAKER LUCKING MUST  
GIVE UP THE BOY.**

**LITTLE WILLIE RECOVERING.**

But It Was a Close Call After a Big  
Drink on an Empty  
Stomach.

Six-year-old Willie Lucking of 1106 North Ninth street, who was made ill by a big dose of whisky, administered by his father, was at the City Hospital, and out of danger. Somewhere in the city his father, with mind muddled by drink, is hiding to escape prosecution by the Humane Society.

Tuesday the lad complained of being sick. In reality he was hungry. His father was drunk and disagreeable and had been so for days.

Christmas had not been a day of joy for the child. Instead of presents he got kicks and cuffs from his drunken father.

Neighbors tried to interfere but the man would not listen to them. After complaining that he was ill the child fainted.

There was but one cure, one specific for everything in Lucking's mind—whisky. He was taken to the nearest saloon and purchased a big glass of liquor. He made the boy swallow it.

It was too much for the starved little one. He was too much for the starved little one. He was too much for the starved little one. He was too much for the starved little one.

Mrs. Smith, with whom the father and son lived, called a policeman, who notified the City Hospital. An antidote for alcohol poisoning, followed by emetics, put him in a fair way to recover.

This is not the first time Willie has been taken from his father. On Jan. 15 last Lucking beat the child until the police intervened. The boy was sent to Children's Hospital and later adopted by a Mrs. Davis of 110 North Thirteenth street.

By promising to reform Lucking regained possession of his child and went to live at 110 North Thirteenth street.

Lucking was kept by Mrs. Smith.

"Lucking was taken into court," said John H. Holmes, superintendent of the Humane Society, "and his son will be legally taken from him. My men are now out hunting for the father. The boy will be well taken care of."

Lucking is a gigarmaker, but his habits do not permit him to hold a job for any length of time.

## TWELVE-FINGERED JOHN.

**The Police Want Him for Robbing a  
Confiding Patron.**

The police are looking for a big black negro with six fingers on each hand. His name is John Wesley Barrett, and he was arrested at the Carondelet Hotel, 217 South Broadway.

John J. Duffie, employed in the Post-Dispatch counting room, boards at the Carondelet Hotel. Mr. Duffie employed Barrett to clean his clothes and polish his shoes for a long time Barrett was faithful to his task. Then he six fingers got him into trouble.

They stuck to a large quantity of Mr. Duffie's wearing apparel. The clothing and

## ATTACKED THAT DEED OF TRUST.

**MUNICIPAL ASSEMBLY.**

Effort to Pass the Sutter Bill Over the Mayor's Veto.

An effort will be made to get the additional vote in the Council necessary to pass the Sutter bill over the Mayor's veto.

At Tuesday night's meeting a letter was read from Breckinridge Jones. He stated that prominent elected people were interested in the bill and asked the privilege of appearing before the Council in their behalf. The matter was referred to the Committee on Public Improvements. Chairman Burton announced that the hearing will be held next Tuesday at 3 p. m. All Councilmen are invited to be present.

Mr. Heikel presented a resolution calling upon President McMath of the Board of Public Improvements to explain why he had talked disrespectfully about the Assembly. Mr. Ferriss raised the point that charges could not be preferred against an official for expressing an opinion. The point was sustained.

Mr. McMath is quoted as saying he hoped the people would exercise better judgment in selecting their representatives next spring.

Mr. Ferriss introduced a joint resolution declaring that the negro race should be recognized in making appointments to the Fire Department. It was referred to the Fire Department Committee.

The City Counselor was asked to give an opinion as to whether the mass meeting in the Assembly in favor of the finding of the commissioners operated as a bar to further proceedings toward widening Eighteenth street.

Mr. McMath introduced a bill giving the Mayor power to suspend any appointive officer against whom charges are preferred, and to reappoint him at his discretion.

Messrs. Keyes, Clarke and Ferriss were appointed to the joint committee to further consider the Carondelet Police Court bill.

In the House Mr. Becker introduced a bill requiring intelligence officers to pay a tax of \$300 a year, and providing additional restrictions.

Both Houses adjourned for one week.

## REED AND UZZELL DEFENDED.

**Denver Preachers Never Made Anarchistic Utterances, as Reported.**

DENVER, Colo., Dec. 20.—The Executive Committee appointed at the recent mass meeting of the unemployed has adopted the following resolutions regarding garbled and sensational newspaper reports of the mass meeting, which was held at the recent mass meeting of the unemployed, held in this city.

Whereas, it has been represented in some Eastern newspapers, that at the recent mass meeting of the unemployed, held in this city, Reed and Rev. Thomas Uzzell, which advocated physical violence as a remedy for the unemployment, and were incendiary and anarchistic in character.

Resolved, That this committee, representing the unemployed of Denver, do hereby stigmatize these charges as gross exaggerations and deliberate misrepresentations of what was said by Reverends Reed and Uzzell. While we feel that the circumstances which caused the meeting to assemble warranted the use of strong and vigorous criticism, we feel that the construction placed upon their language was unjustifiable and unfair to them and the thousands assembled to hear them.

**Horseholders' Ball.**

The annual ball of the Journeymen Horseholders Local Union, No. 1, will take place at Liederkreis Hall, Easton and Vandeventer avenues, New Year's Eve.

## ATTACHED THAT DEED OF TRUST.

**THREE NEW SUITS FILED  
AGAINST MRS. HOFFMAN.**

**ANOTHER TO FOLLOW SOON.**

Attorney Laurie Says Judge Henry D. Laughlin's Statements Caused Him Great Surprise.

Three attachment suits filed in the Circuit Court attack the legality of Mrs. Hoffman's transfer of all her property in favor of Judge Henry D. Laughlin, her attorney, on the ground of fraud.

A fourth suit, based on similar allegations, will shortly be filed to set aside the transfer.

The three attachments filed Wednesday were on Mrs. Hoffman's real estate, all of which was covered in her deed of trust, which was filed Thursday, as exclusively stated in Saturday's Post-Dispatch.

The first is to recover the \$1,000 collected by Mrs. Hoffman from the St. Louis Trust Co., under the \$10,000 judgment annulled ten days ago by Judge Laughlin of the Circuit Court on the ground of fraud. The second attachment is to set aside the deed of the late John Hoffman, paid \$1,000 on the judgment before it secured the evidence on which the judgment was set aside.

The allegation in this attachment is that Mrs. Hoffman collected the money on a debt fraudulently contracted. It also alleges that Mrs. Hoffman has since conveyed all her property, with intent to hinder, delay and defraud her creditors.

The second attachment was in support of the suit of the St. Louis National Bank, now pending against Mrs. Hoffman, for \$24, which she drew from the bank a few days before her husband's death, on a check to which the name of John Hoffman is alleged to have been forged.

The attachment is designed to insure collection of any judgment the bank may obtain in this suit.

The third is in support of the suit of the trust company, as executor of the Hoffman will, against Mrs. Hoffman, to recover \$1,000 collected by her on interest notes which Hoffman is alleged to have wrongfully appropriated. There were 20 interest notes of \$50 each, and the Hoffman will provided that given John Hoffman by one Fell on a real estate deed, Hoffman collected four of them after his death. Mrs. Hoffman collected four. The remaining interest notes and the principal secured by the trust company by a writ of replevin. The allegations in this attachment are similar to those in the preceding.

The suits were filed shortly before noon in the Circuit Court's office by Lawyer Joseph S. Laurie, counsel for John D. Johnson for the St. Louis National Bank and the St. Louis Trust Co. They were presented by the interview with Judge Laughlin, in Saturday's Post-Dispatch, in which he stated that Mrs. Hoffman's deed of trust was made in order to raise funds for prosecuting to the Supreme Court an appeal from Judge Valliant's recent decision.

In discussing the attachments and the deed of trust with a Post-Dispatch reporter Wednesday, Laurie said that he was surprised by the interview with Judge Laughlin, in which he stated that Mrs. Hoffman's deed of trust was made in order to raise funds for prosecuting to the Supreme Court an appeal from Judge Valliant's recent decision.

"I told him Mr. Johnson and myself had just had a conference, and had determined to attach the conveyance as fraudulent, and that we were glad to learn that he was not a party to the fraud."

It is understood that Mr. Laurie was surprised by the interview with Judge Laughlin, in which he stated that Mrs. Hoffman's deed of trust was made in order to raise funds for prosecuting to the Supreme Court an appeal from Judge Valliant's recent decision.

The impression created by Judge Laughlin's interview was that the rich woman had just had a conference, and had determined to attach the conveyance as fraudulent, and that we were glad to learn that he was not a party to the fraud.

In the argument in one of the many Hoffman cases, Lawyer Julian Laughlin, of counsel for Mrs. Hoffman, declared that she had property independent of that coming from John Hoffman, and that a rich uncle was furnishing her money whenever she wanted it.

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Miss Nora Walsh, Forsythe Junction's Agent, to Wed.

Miss Nora Walsh, the handsome station agent and telegraph operator at Forsythe Junction, wears a happy smile as she punches tickets and sends messages over the wire.

Passengers who frequent the little station at the crossing of the Wabash and Colorado tracks, and her personal friends, have wondered for a week why her smile had faded for a week. The secret is out. After Jan. 1 Mrs. Walsh will no longer be at the station with her presence. Mr. H. Berglar of 1111 De Meade street, will succeed her.

The bride-elect is an orphan. Her father was employed near Forsythe Junction as a watchman. About six years ago he was killed at his post of duty. Since then Miss Walsh has supported herself at the station. Her agreeable manner and fair face won her the good will of all who passed that way, and if it were put to a vote she would be elected the most popular station agent near St. Louis.

J. H. Berglar is Superintendent of the Rosedale Supply and Construction Co. He is a well-known business man and wealthy. He has won Miss Walsh for several years. The wedding will take place at St. Rose's Church on the morning of Jan. 7. A reception will be given at the home of the bride from 6 to 10 o'clock.

The couple will take a wedding tour and make their new home at 1900 Horst place, where a beautiful house has been built for them.

Miss Walsh will be maid of honor and Miss Elizabeth Berglar bridesmaid. A. H. Heidorn, Prosecuting Attorney of St. Louis County, has been selected as best man and Joseph McCormick as groomsmen.

## AGAIN SUICIDE WITH A CAT RIFLE.

**ADAM PEGAU DUPLICATES FRED  
HEISLER'S DEATH.**

**SHOT CLEAN THROUGH HIS HEAD**

The 22-Caliber Weapon Was an Awkward Instrument—It Brought Instantaneous Death.

The cat rifle is again in evidence as an effective mode of suicide.

Adam Pegau, a saloon keeper at 428 North Broadway, put a hole clean through his cranium with his son's toy rifle at 4:30 o'clock Wednesday morning.

The small-bored weapon with its 22-caliber leaden missile is a trifle awkward to handle, but it is effective and almost as gentle as poison. It makes such a little hole in the head that little blood is spilled.

Fred Heisler of 719 Pop street originated the cat rifle suicide on Nov. 24. Pegau, his neighbor, must have been impressed with the neatness and effectiveness of the deadly job.

Pegau had his pick of several revolvers, but he chose his boy's little old-fashioned rifle.

Saturday night Pegau attended a meeting of the German Veterans' Association. Before returning home he had an unmanageable store of good cheer aboard. In attempting to alight from a Broadway cable car he got more of his face than his feet on the granite street. The result was a contused forehead and an abraded nose and cheek.

Pegau was terribly sensitive about the scars. He kept to his bed, although he was not ill, and showed no one but his wife and boy and his barkeeper, Ed Wachter, to see him. He was morose and ill-tempered, but his family regarded that as the natural consequence of his irritating confinement.

His wife declares that he was not despondent when he talked to him before retiring last evening. Mrs. Pegau slept in a room immediately back of the saloon. Little Adolph, who will always remember his 12th birthday on the day of his father's suicide, slept with his father.

At 4:30 o'clock Wednesday morning Mrs. Pegau was awakened by a sharp crack, followed by a groan. She rushed into her mother's room and found her father lying on the floor. She felt his body limp under her touch and heard him breathing heavily like a man in agony.

Her first thought was to save her boy from the horrible sight of his father's death. The lad was half-awake when his mother took him in her arms and carried him to her neighbors' overhead. Then she called a butcher, who slept in a house in the backyard.

Wachter went into the suicide's room and lit the gas. Pegau was dead. He lay back on the bed with his eyes staring wide open. There was a hole in his right temple from which a tiny stream of blood trickled. A little black swelling under the skin on the left side showed that the bullet had passed completely through the brain.

The rifle, an old-fashioned Steiner pattern, lay partly across Pegau's limbs, the stock resting on a desk at the head of the bed.

The suicide had evidently rested the gun on the desk, held the barrel to his temple

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## SEE THAT THE NAME IS STAMPED ON EACH CIGAR. Having Purchased and Imported a Large Quantity of Havana Tobacco before Weyler's order forbidding the export of tobacco from Cuba.

**THE QUALITY OF THE  
MERCANTILE**

WILL BE KEPT UP TO THE STANDARD.

**DUNBAR'S SHRIMPS.**  
Fresh from the Gulf, very fresh packed, regular 24 cans, 15c.

**Conrad's Shrimps.**  
Conrad's Shrimps and Chockies are equal to any sold at 40c a pound. 24 Cans at 15c. (For 24 cans 15c.)

**DECREASE IN BUILDING.**

This Year Fell Behind 1895 More Than Four Million Dollars.

J. Harry Randall, Commissioner of Public Buildings, has prepared a statement of the number and value of building improvements in St. Louis during 1938, as compared with those of 1935.

It shows a material falling off both in the number and value of new brick and frame buildings. The decrease for additions and alterations was small because of work made necessary by the tornado.

The total number of brick dwellings erected this year was 2,344, a decrease of 613 buildings and \$4,108,251.

In 1935 there were 2,957 new brick buildings erected at a cost of \$25,654, and in 1938, 2,344 at a cost of \$18,546, a decrease of 613 buildings and \$7,108.

The total value of alterations and repairs was \$1,000,000.

**SAVED TWO WOMEN.**

Richard Pesold Stops a Runaway Team on a Bridge.

Richard Pesold, who was assistant steward at the City Hospital under Dr. Helse Marks, risked his life on the Eighteenth street bridge Tuesday afternoon by stopping a runaway team. Pesold was painfully bruised, but he saved the lives of two women.

Pesold was walking south over the bridge when he heard loud screams and saw a runaway team approaching. Two women in the vehicle were clinging tightly to each other. Pesold grasped one of the horses by the bridle and swung on until he had brought the team to a standstill. He was dragged fifty feet.

**To the Gentlemen of St. Louis.**

**FOR THREE DAYS**

Past our store has been thronged with buyers, eagerly engaged in purchasing OUR GRAND BARGAINS, which keep our competitors guessing.

**TO-MORROW (THURSDAY) ONLY**

WE WILL SELL

**38 DOZEN PERRIN'S BEST PIQUE KID GLOVES,**  
The Regular Price Is \$2.00, at **98c**

For sale only at this price at the

**PALACE CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS CO.**  
9 N. BROADWAY, 3658th House.

**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**